

Good 194 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

The Home Fire's 'Burning fine' A.B. Arthur Downs

THERE was quite a family gathering at 173 Brentfield Road, Neasden, London, the other day, when we called at your home, A.B. Arthur Downs. Alma, your wife, home on ten days' leave, was playing your favourite Vera Lynn records, and Leslie, after losing a tape for being A.W.O.L., was also home for a couple of days.

The old folks are all well, and your own people in Norfolk, too, are fine. Your wife spent two days with them this week, and was sorry to come away.

Your sister, Hilda, scoring high in a recent examination, has moved to Worthing to nurse children. Her letters home are cheery, the sea air agrees with her, and she loves her work.

Young Freddie, still at school, of course, has a new game: he tattoos submarines

on the hands of his school-mates.

Talking of submarines, your wife was sorry at losing the carved model you made for her. She is still searching, but fears it is hopeless.

We suggested she should make you a model Spitfire; after all, she is a Flight Mechanic now, and with that qualification surely nothing is too difficult.

To close, here are some messages from the family:—

Leslie says: "I'll do you a favour and kill Frosty Darling one day."

June and Brenda send fondest greeting and say they look forward to ragging you again.

Your mother-in-law says she hopes you're keeping as well as ever, and Alma says, "All my love, darling. Keep smiling; there are lots of good times coming to us."

WRITERS love em' and you can't blame them.

Dance numbers are certain to be a hit, and so the scripters like to dot their scripts frequently with the words "She does a dance," or "She goes into a dance number."

But if that is all it takes on the part of the writers, just putting down the words, it takes a lot more time and effort on the part of everybody else to film the dance number.

The recent activity on the set of 20th Century-Fox's "Coney Island," where Betty Grable was doing a big production number called "Take It From There," is a good example.

Here's how it all works out, step by step, after George Seaton, who wrote the script for "Coney Island," indicated that he wanted a dance right there in the story.

Hermes Pan, Fox's Dance Director, received a copy of the script which was being readied for production. It was his function to study the script and to plan certain routines which could fit into the story and were yet authentic.

Obviously, if the action calls for George Montgomery to come rushing up to Betty Grable the moment she's finished a dance, and tell her he loves her, it wouldn't do to give Betty a strenuous routine that would leave her as limp as a rag doll. So in his mind's eye, Pan visualizes the sort of dance he wants Betty to do.

STUDIO DANCER.

Next he goes to work with a studio dancer, Angela Blue, to set Betty's routine. Angela masters the steps that Pan works out, and then shows Betty Grable how to do them.

The girls practice together, and when the camera is ready



to photograph the finished dance, Angela shows the cameramen just what the movements will be.

However, there is another step to be made before the cameras can roll. Clothes have to be worn during rehearsals to make sure they are comfortable enough to permit Betty to give her best performance.

Then Betty and Angela go into a final rehearsal with the orchestra to perfect all their rhythms of the dance as well as to check all the dance steps.

Meanwhile, too, it should be noted, Betty has been appearing in all the dramatic scenes

of the picture, which are always shot coincidentally with the dance rehearsals.

During all the time the star of a number like this is repeating the same dance umpteen times for close-ups, long-shots, two-shots, ensemble shots and all the rest of it, the fellow who wrote "She does a dance" somewhere in the script is off somewhere having a nice rest.

* * *

And below
Maureen
O'Hara
shows how



And now the Irish O'Hara

THAT Maureen O'Hara was a screen star at nineteen was no surprise to her family and her friends. From the time she was old enough to recite simple verses and dance to the radio, everyone who saw her predicted that she would one day be a famous actress.

There was no motion picture apprenticeship for Miss O'Hara in her sensational leap into the top ranks of film stars. Her first appearance on the screen was in the feminine lead in "Jamaica Inn," with Charles Laughton. Her second was in the feminine lead in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," also with Laughton.

It was her outstanding performance in this difficult role which won her stardom and her part at 20th Century-Fox studio in "How Green Was My Valley."

Maureen O'Hara was born in Dublin, Ireland, August 17th, 1920. She made her first stage appearance at the age of five, when she was pressed into service to read a short poem between the acts of a school play. She made such an impression with her reading of the verses that everyone who heard her advised her mother to give her dramatic training at once. So little Maureen began to study dramatic art with her A B C's and never swerved from it.

As a child, Maureen dramatized everything in her life. She danced to her shadow on the lawn; she produced, directed and wrote plays for her two brothers, three sisters and the neighbourhood children.

It was when Maureen was only twelve years old that she was invited to appear on a radio programme, and

earned her first money as a professional entertainer. Up to that time her appearances had all been at clubs, church entertainments, amateur plays and every other type of home and semi-professional productions.

By the time she was fourteen she had been enrolled in the Abbey Theatre School, had several fine performances to her credit, and had won every award and medal bestowed in Ireland's frequent play festivals and dramatic contests.

At a reception following one of these productions, Miss O'Hara, then 17 years old, was introduced to singer Harry Richman. To Miss O'Hara the introduction had no significance and she had no idea that she had made a deep impression on Richman. But two weeks later a letter arrived from an English film company, asking her to come to London immediately for a screen test.

It developed later that Richman had told officials of the company about the beautiful and talented Irish girl he had met, and had urged them to test her for films immediately.

OFFERS ABOUNDING.

"Just as the letter arrived, I had been offered the leading role in a new play at the Abbey Theatre," said Miss O'Hara. "I came very near staying in Dublin and doing the play, but finally decided to make the screen test. Mother and I went to London on a Wednesday and made the test on Friday."

"The next day I was offered two contracts by different picture companies, but after a telephone conversation with my father in Dublin we refused

both of them. Mother and I had her first taste of film fame at the London premiere.

She was besieged by auto-graph hunters and cheered by first-nighters for her performance. It appeared that London was to be her home for some time to come. She leased a house for seven years in Hyde Park, and had lived in it for only six weeks when she was offered the leading role in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," closed up her house, and sailed for America and Hollywood, accompanied by her mother.

As a child Miss O'Hara was a tom-boy. "My greatest ambition as a child was to rob an orchard," laughed Miss O'Hara, "but I couldn't get anyone to go in with me, the cowards. I rode horseback, swam, danced and romped like one of my brothers."

"I also started a book at fourteen. No one has ever seen the manuscript, and I have torn it up and rewritten it several times. It will be a big job, but some day I'll finish it."

Miss O'Hara is an oddity in Hollywood. She never touches alcohol and she doesn't smoke. She dislikes night spots and large parties. She thinks jealousy is one of the worst qualities an individual can possess.



HOME TOWN CORNER

HIKED 140,000 MILES.

MEET a tough Welsh postwoman. Miss Elizabeth Mary Thomas, of Mumbles, Swansea.

Believe it or not, she started her trail of postman's knock before the Boer War, when a postwoman in Britain was a rare sight. Now there are 17,000.

She has just packed in after 46½ years' service and having walked over 140,000 miles delivering the mail.

"No, I've finished letters, but not work," she said. "I'm still good for a few more years,"

says Elizabeth Mary. "Outdoor life is keeping me fit. My family have spent more than 235 years in the Post Office service."

BEAT GREYHOUND.

AT Perth, the other day, a man got nine months' imprisonment for stealing various articles from houses, and also a greyhound in the High Street, Kirkcaldy.

Perhaps he just passed the dog when he was running away from the law, then the hound tried to keep up with him.

But he never thought of telling the Sheriff that.

Continuing: HOW THE BRIGADIER LOST HIS EAR

"BURY YOUR KNIVES IN HIS BODY"

+ + + + +

"COME, wake up, wake up!" cried the steward.

"Get on your feet, little Frenchman," growled the gondolier. "Get up, I say!" And for the second time he spurned me with his foot.

Never in the world was a command obeyed so promptly as that one. In an instant I had bounded to my feet and rushed as hard as I could run to the back of the hall. They were after me as I have seen the English hounds follow a fox, but there was a long passage down which I tore.

It turned to the left, and again to the left, and then I found myself back in the hall once more. They were almost within touch of me, and there was no time for thought. I turned towards the staircase, but two men were coming down it. I dodged back and tried the door through which I had been brought, but it was fastened with great bars and I could not loosen them.

The gondolier was on me with his knife, but I met him with a kick on the body which stretched him on his back. His dagger flew with a clatter across the marble floor. I had no time to seize it, for there were half-a-dozen of them now clutching at me. As I rushed through them the little steward thrust his leg before me and I fell with a crash, but I was up in an instant, and breaking from their grasp I burst through the very middle of them and made for a door.

Up the grand staircase I rushed, burst open the pair of huge folding doors which faced me, and learned at last that my efforts were in vain.

The room into which I had broken was brilliantly lighted. With its gold cornices, its massive pillars, and its painted walls and ceilings, it was evidently the grand hall of some famous Venetian palace.

In the centre of this great hall there was a raised dais, and upon it in a half-circle there sat twelve men, all clad in black gowns, like those of a Franciscan monk, and each with a mask over the upper part of his face.

A group of armed men—rough-looking rascals—were standing round the door, and amid them, facing the dais, was a young fellow in the uniform of the light infantry. As he turned his head I recognised him.

It was Captain Auret, of the 7th, a young Basque with whom I had drunk many a glass during the winter.

He was deadly white, poor wretch, but he held himself manfully amid the assassins who surrounded him.

Never shall I forget the sudden flash of hope which shone in his dark eyes when he saw a comrade burst into the room, or the look of despair which followed as he understood that I had come not to change his fate but to share it.

You can think how amazed these people were when I hurled myself into their presence. My pursuers had crowded in behind me and choked the doorway, so that all further flight was out of the question. It is at such instants that my nature asserts itself.

With dignity I advanced towards the tribunal. My jacket was torn, my hair was dishevelled, my head was bleeding, but there was that in my eyes and in my carriage which made them realise that no common man was before them.

Not a hand was raised to arrest me until I halted in front of a formidable old man whose long grey beard and masterful manner told me that both by years and by character he was the man in authority.

"Sir," said I, "you will perhaps tell me why I have been forcibly arrested and brought to this place. I am an honourable soldier, as is this other gentleman here, and I demand that you will instantly set us both at liberty."

There was an appalling silence to my appeal. It is not pleasant to have twelve masked faces turned upon you and to see twelve pairs of vindictive Italian eyes fixed with fierce intentness upon your face. But I stood as a debonair soldier should, and I could not but reflect how much credit I was bringing upon the Hussars of Confians by the dignity of my bearing. I do not think that anyone could have carried himself better under such difficult circumstances. I looked with a fearless face from one assassin to another, and I waited for some reply.

It was the greybeard who at last broke the silence.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

"His name is Gerard," said the little steward at the door.

"Colonel Gerard," said I. "I will not deceive you. I am Etienne Gerard, THE Colonel Gerard, five times mentioned in despatches, and recommended for the sword of honour. I am aide-de-

camp to General Suchet, and I demand my instant release, together with that of my comrade-in-arms."

The same terrible silence fell upon the assembly, and the same twelve pairs of merciless eyes were bent upon my face.

Again it was the greybeard who spoke. "He is out of his order. There are two names upon our list before him."

"He escaped from our hands and burst into the room."

"Let his await his turn. Take him down to the wooden cell."

"If he resist us, your excellency?"

"Bury your knives in his body. The tribunal will uphold you. Remove him until we have dealt with the others."

They advanced upon me, and for an instant I thought of resistance. It would have been a heroic death, but who was there to see it or to chronicle it? I might be only postponing my fate, and yet I had been in so many bad places and come out unhurt that I had learned always to hope and to trust my star.

I allowed these rascals to seize me, and I was led from the room, the gondolier walking at my side with a long naked knife in his hand. I could see in his brutal eyes the satisfaction which it would give him if he could find some excuse for plunging it into my body.

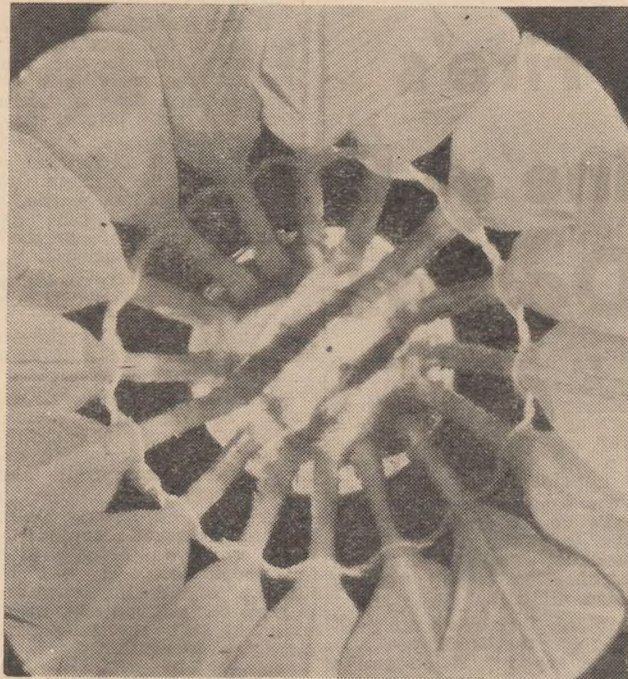
(To be continued)

Justice is truth in action.
Benjamin Disraeli
(1804-1881).

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 148

- ESsenceS.
- OSWESTRY.
- GAOL GALL, HALL, HALT, HART, DART, DIRT, GIRT, GIRD, BIRD, DOSS, DOSE, ROSE, RISE, RISK, RINK, SINK, SUNK, BUNK, DOVER, DOVES, DOLES, SOLES, WHEAT, CHEAT, CHEAP, CHEEP, CHEER, SHEER, SHIER, SHIED, SHRED, SHREW, STREW, STRAW.
- Mole, Mule, Lent, Meet, Lout, Lone, Noel, Note, Tone, Melt, Tome, Mote, Tune, Lute, Lent, Eton, Menu, Omen, Teem, Lunt, Memo, etc. Moul, Melon, Lemon, Mount, Emmet, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Quiz in No. 193: Golf Ball.

WANGLING WORDS—149

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after GLISHM, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of SOBER GORING, to make a South Coast resort.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HAWK into MOTH, BAKED into BEANS, SPADE into HEART, SOLO into TRIO.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ASTRONOMICAL?

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

ODD CORNER

Animals certainly possess queer susceptibilities to certain influences, and a mysterious "sixth sense" in dogs was discussed by the British Medical Association at Oxford in 1936. The most striking piece of evidence was that at least three dogs pulled their owners out of bed over half an hour before the great Quetta earthquake.

On another occasion, a London woman was roused from her bed by her dog, but could find nothing wrong till she returned to her bedroom, which she found full of gas from a broken pipe, the accident having happened since the dog woke her up. Many cases of dogs refusing to cross condemned bridges or unsafe floors were cited, and it was stated by a veterinary expert that dogs can always sense an impending catastrophe, and can even tell what sort of weather is coming, though we have no idea how they know.

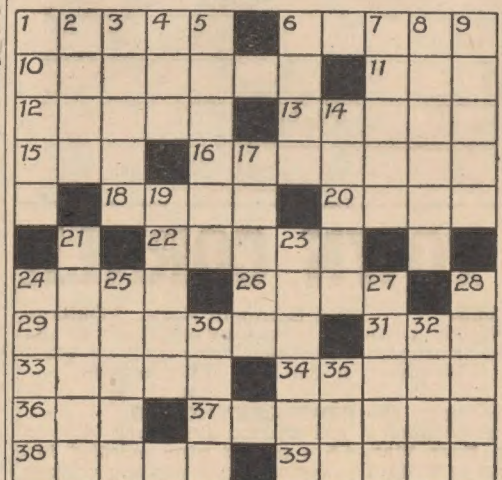
QUIZ for today

- A begum is a tropical tree, an Eastern princess, a kind of broom, a moth, an insect?
- Who wrote (a) King Solomon's Mines, (b) King Lear?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Helium, Carbon dioxide.
- What is George A. Birmingham's real name?
- Who said, "Anything for a quiet life"?
- At what town do the rivers Thames and Kennet meet?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Campanula, Duodecimo, Initiation, Oblation, Obiesance, Scarify.
- How many times does the letter E appear on a 2d. stamp?
- Who was Mr. Greatheart?
- Correct, "O woman, in our hours of ease, uncertain, frail, and hard to please." Who wrote it?
- The Russo-Japanese War started in 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906?

Answer to Quiz in No. 193

- A cake.
- (a) Elinor Glyn, (b) Victoria Cross.
- Cowentry is inland; the others coastal.
- John Hay Beith.
- Wordsworth.
- 365 feet.
- Radiator, Paraffin.
- Jumping spiders on Mt. Everest (at 23,000 feet).
- 4 miles 624 yards.
- "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast." Congreve, in his "Mourning Bride."
- 1840.
- (a) Delilah, (b) Nail (or claw).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Shank.
- Hangs around.
- Fever.
- Kindled.
- Form of oxygen.
- Space of time.
- Range of sight.
- Fetter.
- Shine hotly.
- Conceal.
- Cropped up.
- Covenant.
- Back-twist.
- Came.
- Female animal.
- Senseless.
- Part of jacket.
- Meshed fabric.
- Particular.
- Bad weather.
- Escritoires.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

PROPEL CHID
LAX FAILURE
ADEPTS AGES
NINE SANG C
A CHOW EAR
STAKE RUDDY
WEB LAYS M
A LAMB EMIT
REIN ENDURE
MAGENTA LAG
STEW SPILLS

CLUES DOWN.

- Reeking.
- Obscurity.
- Together.
- Cooling device.
- Quiver.
- Fine linen.
- Girl's name.
- Stimulus.
- Harden.
- Harbour.
- Became active.
- Language.
- Cornfield weed.
- Walked obliquely.
- Trouble.
- Open-work case.
- Peaked caps.
- Moorland.
- Garment.
- Unsound.
- Tennis service.

JANE

AT A MAINLINE STATION...



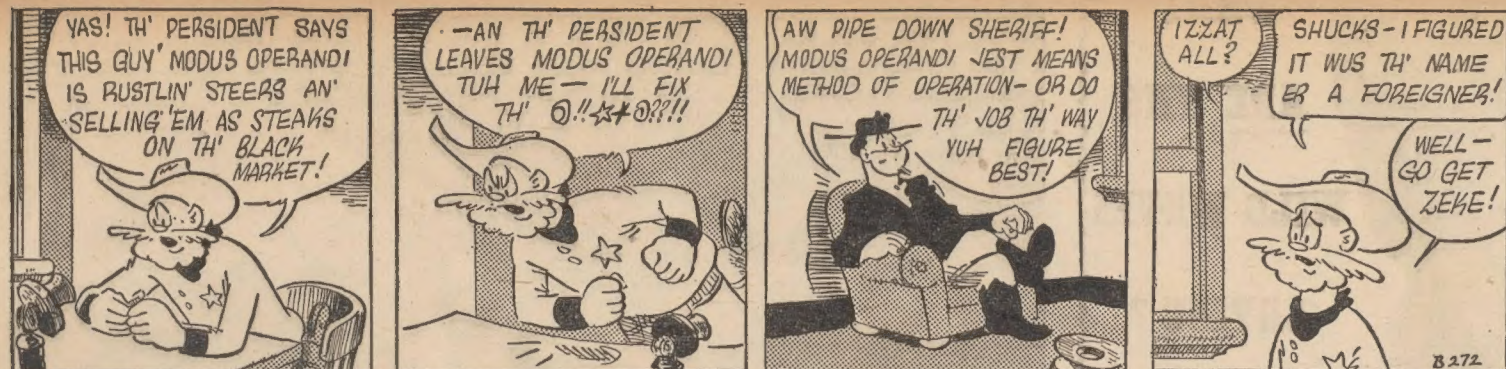
GLORY BE!— THEN THAT'S THE TRAIN I'LL TAKE MESELF!



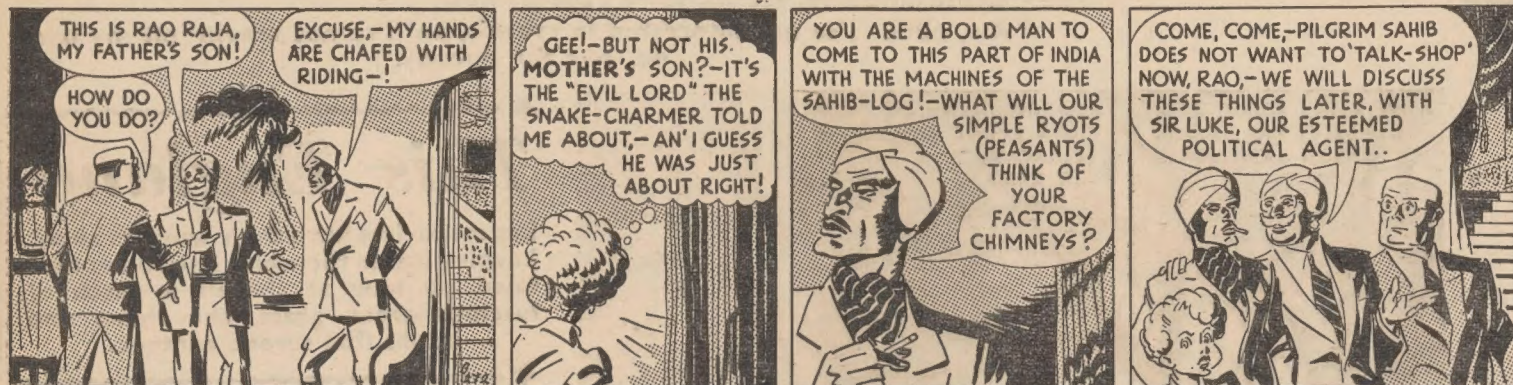
MEANWHILE...



BEELZEBUB JONES



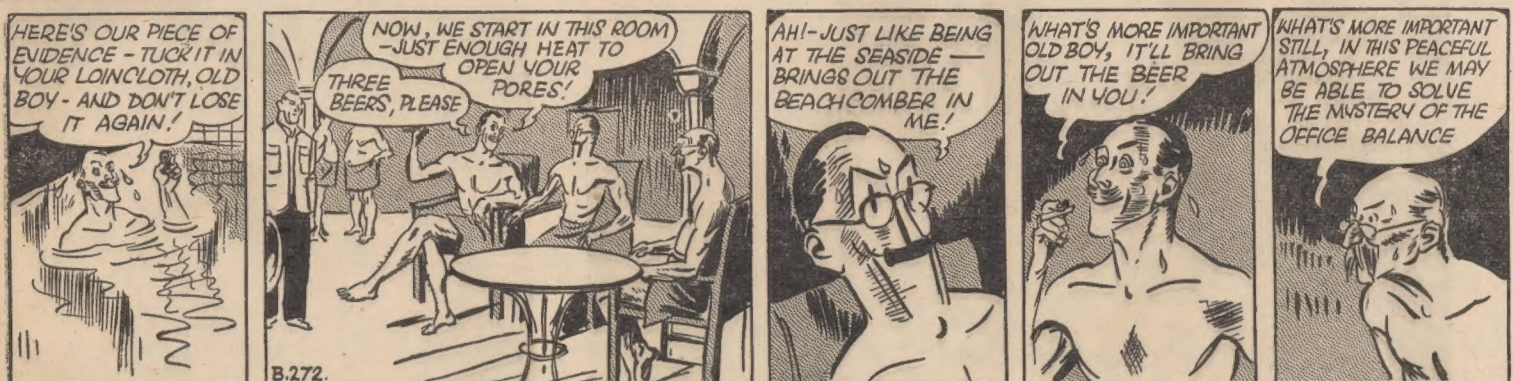
BELINDA



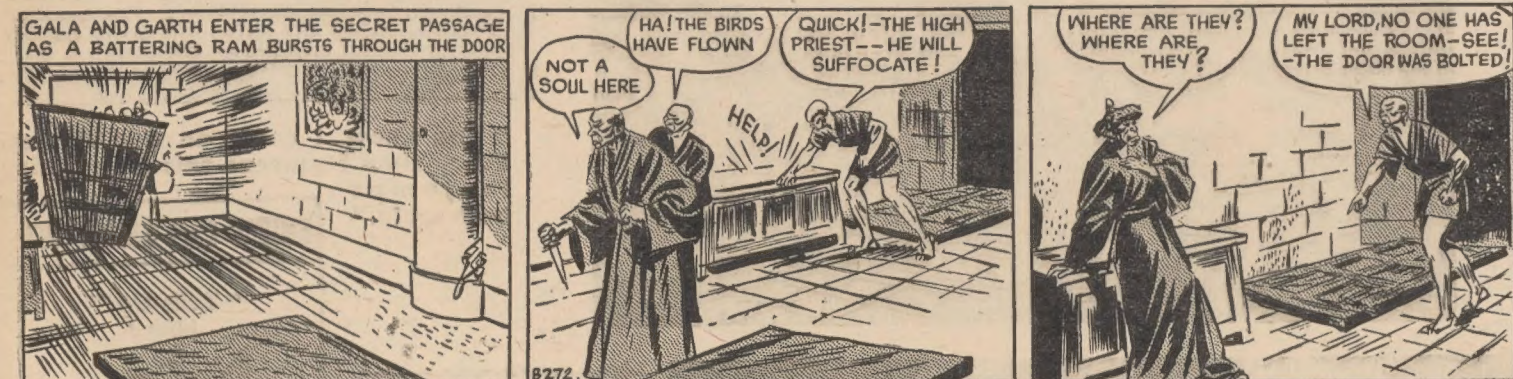
POPEYE



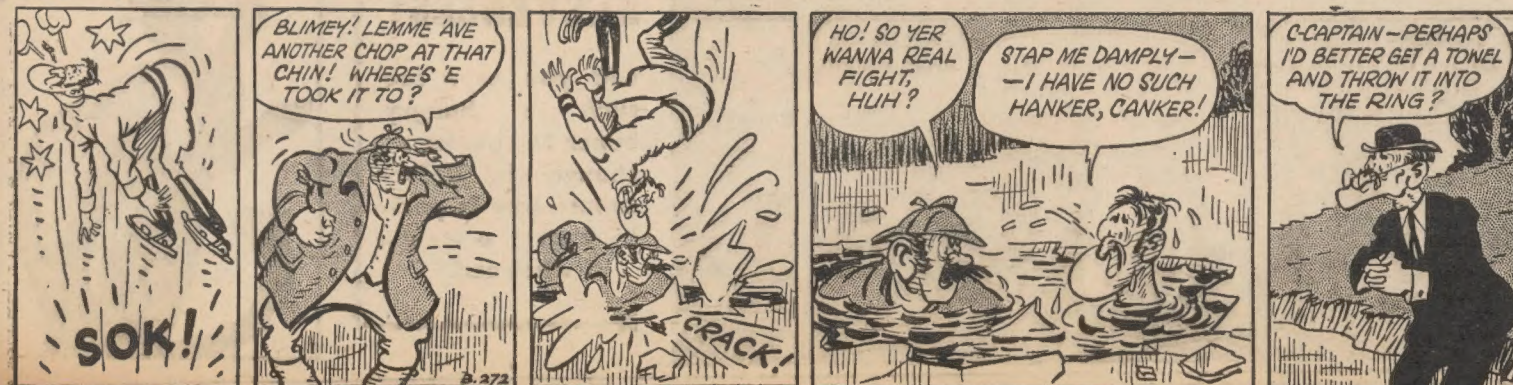
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 10

By JOHN ALLEN

BLACKBURN ROVERS

FEW teams have such a great Cup record as Blackburn Rovers, noted for their tenacity and will-to-win spirit. Yet one afternoon, many years ago, the Rovers of Blackburn, when conditions were so bad, could not stand up to the rain and heavy going.

They were playing Burnley at the time, and in their goal was Bert Arthur, a fellow who never lost his sense of humour.

It was a terrible day, and after some minutes, when Rovers' men began to feel the effects, their skipper asked the referee to abandon the game, but the order came, "Carry on." Eventually there was only one Rover left on the field—goalie Bert Arthur!

He did not give in. For a long time he held out against the Burnley eleven. Eventually they pushed one past him. It was Bert's job to kick-off—and when a Burnley player touched it he successfully appealed for off-side, so the game had to be abandoned!

That is the only record in football history of one man taking on a complete team!

In Blackburn's first season they possessed no ground of their own. Their players in those days wore white skull caps, blue and white shirts, and long white trousers. They were wonderful footballers, however, and reached the F.A. Cup Final in 1882.

The match was played at Kennington Oval, home of the Surrey County Cricket Club. Everyone thought that the Rovers would win with ease.

One supporter wagered so heavily that he lost every penny he possessed, as well as a row of houses, when the Rovers were beaten. He became a successful bookmaker, bought back all his property, and gave the Rovers a large sum of money with which to improve their ground!

This came in very useful, for the pitch was in a bad state. A plank of wood covered what had been a small pond in the middle of the pitch. On match days this was, in turn, covered with turf.

The home players knew where this was, and avoided it—but the visitors did not. One afternoon a visiting forward was dashing for the Rovers' goal when, without warning, he disappeared into the ground.

The planks covering the pond had given way and the player went down into the cold and dirty pond!

When he was pulled out, the visitor objected to the laughter of the Rovers' players, and his team-mates threatened to leave the field. Eventually, however, things were straightened out and the game continued.

In their great career Blackburn Rovers have won the League Championship on two occasions, and six times has the F.A. Cup rested on the table in their Board Room.

Perhaps their greatest player of all time was Bob Crompton, the full-back, who played for England on 34 occasions—a record that was beaten only last season by Arsenal's Eddie Hapgood.

A player whom the Rovers' fans had a great regard for was Ted Harper, the great goal-scoring centre-forward. Yet Ted, but for an accident, might never have reached Blackburn.

A native of the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, he was one afternoon on a blackberrying expedition when he stopped to watch a football match.

As one team was short of a player, they asked Harper if he'd like to play. He agreed—scored three goals, and caught the eye of a Sheppey United official who watched the game. He signed Ted for his club, who in turn transferred him to Blackburn for a great fee.

At Ewood Park he became a great figure, and about the best leader the Rovers ever had. When last I heard of him, Ted was back in his native Sheppey—once more on the farm.

Another star forward was Arthur Cunliffe, assisting Aldershot during the war. The Rovers' manager watched Arthur making a success of his career, but decided to wait until he had gained a little more experience before signing him for Blackburn. When, however, he heard that Huddersfield were seeking Cunliffe, he climbed into his car and drove over to the player's house.

He found him in the garden making a chicken-house. The Blackburn man, however, was so anxious to sign the player that he made him put his name on the dotted line while still in the chicken-house!

But then, that's not unusual for the Rovers. They have signed other players in a flour mill, a coal mine, and outside a church!

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

WHAT
ARE THE
WILD WAVES
SAYING?



"Come on, Steve, get up. Here's the crowds."
"Aw, nuts. I'se not interested in crowds, an' I'se not movin' off my back, no, not for nobody."

This England

Let motorists have their worries about keeping inside the white line round that bend, so long as there's a patch of luscious green grass, the sheep and lambs find serene content.



"You know, I could do this all day. Every time I squeeze this funny thing it jumps back again."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Tails Up"
Huh!



ELEVENSES!

Did you ever see such a hungry bunch? Looks as though the unfortunate sow is positively overwhelmed.

